



Photo by American Press Association.

FORMER PRESIDENT THEODORE ROOSEVELT.



SPECIAL EXTRA U. S. A. SUNRISE EDITION

## THE BETTER PLAN.

BY this time next week there will be twenty-six saloons and poker rooms in this town.

You don't have to buy a drink to play poker, and you can play poker and not even call for water.

But unless you are reasonably sure of holding three aces in every hand you had better let poker go and come around and subscribe for the Kicker.

## NOT TO BE SCARED.

Some one has sent us by mail a Ku-klux notice—skull, crossbones and all—warning us to get out of Arizona within thirty days or take the consequences.

We don't propose to leave this balmy country for many years to come, and we'll bet ten to one that we add that chap's carcass to the thirteen others sleeping so quietly in our private editorial graveyard.

We are no buzzsaw, but the man who monkey with us has got to be chain lightning to keep his health.

## WITH OUR COMPLIMENTS.

The editor of the Blue Grass Banner paid us a call the other day for the first time.

When we saw what a knock-kneed, lap-shouldered, bennely looking cuss he was we could no longer wonder that a grizzly bear hasn't been seen within ten miles of Blue Grass within the last year.

## A BIT OF ADVICE.

WE understand that George Southwick, agent for stage line over at Lone Jack, has said that he would shoot us on sight.

As he is a cross-eyed man and doesn't know one end of a gun from the other, he had better hire a man to hit us with the broad of a spade.

## A MISUNDERSTANDING.

On Thursday Colonel Jackson, the founder of the new town of Red Hot, called to see us about a page of advertising.

During the misunderstanding over rates, he shot us through the thumb of the right hand, and we left two bullets in his leg to be probed for when he got home.

## NO MALICE.

We understand that Lawyer Moss is telling different parties around town that we threatened his life last Monday.

What we did was to visit his office and hold a gun on his chin and warn him not to pester us with any more libel suits, but no threats were made.

Indeed, he caved in so quickly that no threats were necessary.

We have nothing against Lawyer Moss and hope he may live for a hundred years yet.

M. QUAD.

## Mr. Bowser's War on Rats

By M. QUAD

FOR many months a door with a pane of glass in it which had once belonged to a cupboard had reposed in a shed of the Bowser house. Mrs. Bowser had asked Mr. Bowser a score of times to carry it down cellar and get it out of the way, and, though willing enough, he had kept putting it off. After dinner on a late evening she said to him:

"Mr. Bowser, the cook wants to clean out the shed. That old door is still there, and if you can't carry it down cellar tonight I shall hire the first tramp that comes along tomorrow."

So Mr. Bowser took it down with a look on his face like a martyr going to his doom and leaned it up against the wall opposite the door of the hot air furnace.

It is one of the duties of the Bowser cook to descend to the cellar before going to bed to shovel some coal into the firebox and see that all drafts are tightly closed. She went down, as usual, on this evening. Suddenly a scream rang through the house, and the cook was heard coming upstairs like a runaway horse, gasping and screaming at every step. Mr. Bowser sprang to his feet and exclaimed:

"Woman, what in the name of heaven ails you? Did you see a ghost down cellar?"

"Oh, sir, worse than that! I won't stay in this house another hour! I saw a—r-r-rat!" she gasped out with a great effort. "He almost ran over my foot, and I think he tried to bite me as he passed. If you have got rats in this house I can't stay here. Indeed, I can't!"

"Maggie, you can go up to your room, and Mr. Bowser will go down and see if there was a rat," said Mrs. Bowser. "If a rat has made his way into the cellar he must be routed out at once."

"Yes, I'll go, and I'll rout him," bravely replied Mr. Bowser. "It's just possible that a rat might have got in here while the coal hole was open when we got the last ton of coal, but I think it will prove only imagination."

Mr. Bowser proceeded downstairs, whistling as he went. When he got down there he found the gas jet still burning, and, with the help of a few matches, he explored every nook and corner of the cellar. No rats and no sign of rats! The cook had imagined it all. He was about to turn out the light and ascend the stairs when a big rat ran past him like a flash. He had not brought



GAVE A JUMP AND A GASP.

a club or any other weapon with him, and, with a wild yell, he jumped for the foot of the stairs. Mrs. Bowser was standing at the head of the flight, and she called out:

"What is it? What is it?"

"It's a rat, sure enough!" was the reply. "The girl was right!"

"But why didn't you kill him?"

"I—I dunno. I expect he startled me."

"But you take that fireplace poker and go down again and brain him. If you don't I will. If you can't find him look for the place he got in at and stop it up with something."

"I'll have his life!" was the resolute rejoinder as Mr. Bowser got his nerve back. "I wonder if I hadn't better take the cat down with me?"

"Yes, here she is."

With the cat under one arm and the poker in the other hand Mr. Bowser descended again, but he was not whistling this time. He put the cat down on the cement floor and again started a search of the cellar when—dash—dash—dash, and the rat ran past him as before. This time his size appeared to be that of a cat. Mr. Bowser gave a jump of alarm, but did not conduct himself as before. He walked upstairs to say to Mrs. Bowser:

"That darned old rat is running about the cellar, but don't tell Maggie. There must be a hole somewhere that I can't find. I will stop and order two or three traps in the morning and bait them when I come home."

On the way downtown he stopped at a hardware store and ordered six rat-traps at 50 cents apiece, and that night they were baited for victims. Next morning they were still baited. The rats had not been fooled into such traps as those.

That evening Mrs. Bowser accompanied Mr. Bowser down cellar to see if the traps were all right. They were. She was standing in front of the furnace, and he was prowling around when she thought she saw a rat run past her. She gave a jump and a gasp and next broke out into laughter. She had seen that when the gas jet was turned full on it cast flickering shadows on the glass pane of the old cupboard door exactly opposite. This was the cook's rat and Mr. Bowser's rat. Mr. Bowser came over to her and soon convinced himself that he had been fighting shadows.

"You and the cook," began Mrs. Bowser after another outburst of merriment, "had better—"

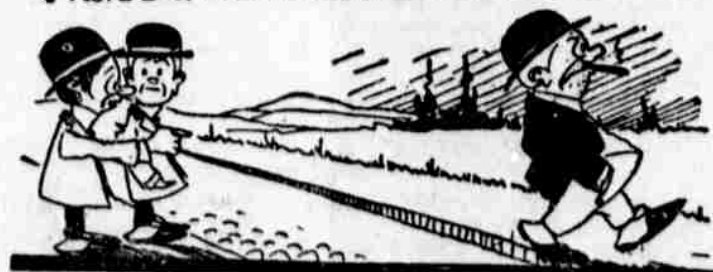
"Stop!" exclaimed he as he raised the poker to emphasize his word. "The blamed old door is all to blame for my mistake! Don't you dare to bully me about this now or hereafter!"

And Mrs. Bowser, not looking for trouble, has not even said a word to the cook about rats—great big rats, rats with menacing looks, rats that cost Mr. Bowser \$2 and then had not been captured.

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## What He Owed Him

Jim and I saw a big man just over the way  
A-walking along down the street.  
I nudged my friend Jim, and breathlessly said,  
"There's a man that I don't care to meet."



"For I owe him more than I ever can pay."  
"How much do you owe him?" asked Jim.  
"I owe him a beating," I sadly replied.  
"That I'm sure I can never give him."

—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

## SCANDINAVIANS ORGANIZE

The general committee met a few days ago and the following subcommittees were appointed to look after the details of the big Scandinavian celebration to be held in Jessops Grove on June 5:

## Financial Committee

H. A. Pederson, John Hendrickson, M. Mouritzen, A. G. Lundstrom, Bishop John H. Anderson, Orest Borkman, Lorenzo Hansen, Bishop Nels Johnson, Anthon Anderson.

## Invitation Committee

H. A. Pederson, James Johnson, Anthon Phearnon.

## Advertising Committee

Holger M. Larsen, A. W. Hanson.

## Transportation Committee

Anthon Anderson, Olof Nelsen, P. C. Nelsen.

## Arrangement Committee

Emil Anderson, George Mickelsen, L. O. Skanchy, Arent Johnson, O. I. Pederson, Peter C. Nelsen, Olof Nelsen, Ras Rasmussen.

## Decoration Committee

Charles Hansen, John Christiansen, Helmar Pederson, Willard Skanchy, Oscar Malmrose, George Lindquist, Nels Bergajo, W. C. Nelsen, J. C. Holmgren.

## Sports Committee

Thorvald Thoresen, Emil Andersen, Ras Rasmussen, Dr. P. W. Poulsen, Victor Borkman, Emil Hansen, R. M. Rolfsen, Charles O. Peterson.

## Program Committee

August Hansen, C. F. Olsen, Helmar Pederson, Olof Nelsen, Charles Kelstrom.

## Refreshments Committee

H. P. Nelsen, Ras Rasmussen, N. P. Nelsen Jr., Chris. Fonnesebeck, Mrs. Rosengreen, Mrs. J. P. Jensen, Mrs. C. E. Lauritzen, Mrs. Andreas Peterson, Mrs. Robert Mordock, Matilda Hansen.

H. W. Hancey, prominent farmer of Hyde Park, made a hurried business trip to the county seat yesterday.

It pays to advertise—try it!

## B. Y. College News

Friday evening, the students of the second year class at B. Y. College met in a gaming and dancing party in the gymnasium. The class officers of the class for the year 1915-16 gave the party in honor of the newly elected officers. Besides the dancing, games, talks were made by Albert Holman, president and Clyde Worley and Leone Theurer the president and vice president for the year 1916-17. The other class officers for next year are: Maurice Miles, secretary and treasurer; Lawrence Sharp, cheerleader; Albert Holman, athletic manager; Wilford Carlisle, debating manager.

Prent, Joseph E. Cardon talked to the students during the devotional period on Monday. His subject was, Making the most of ones conditions and environment.

The graduating students are almost over the strenuous period of examinations and are hard at work in The Peaceful Valley, the play they are staging this year.

The meeting of the fourth year class held yesterday showed prospects for a large fifth year class next year. In addition to arranging plans for social events and class reunions the members elected the following officers for next year:

President, La Rue Merrill.  
Vice President, Wanda Harris.  
Secretary, Myrtle Law.  
Cheerleader, Ruse Maughan.  
Song Leader, Olive Sorenson.  
Debating Manager, Rulon Maughan.  
Athletic Manager, Orville Nelson.

Work has commenced on the new milk factory for the Borden Condensed Milk Company in this city. The work is being done by Worley & Nelson contractors, who were awarded the contract according to advices received from New York City where the bids were opened last week. The contract will involve the expenditure of upwards of \$50,000 and will mean a complete remodeling of the old factory. The work yesterday consisted of tearing down and arranging for early construction.

Advertise in season and out.

## WAR! What Is It All About?



HAS the whole world gone stark mad over a very foolish and trivial question? Are swords rattling, cannon rumbling, mailed armour glistening just because Russia wanted to show her love for the little brother—Serbia? Tear aside the curtain of Europe's politics and see the grim and sinister game of chess that is being played. See upon what a slim, yet desperate, excuse the sacred lives of millions are being sacrificed. Read the history of the past one hundred years, as written by some of the greatest authorities the world has ever known, and learn the naked, shameful truth. Just to get you started as a Review of Reviews subscriber, we make you this extraordinary offer. We will give to you

## FREE—"Europe at War"

A big book and over 300 pages, size 10 x 7 inches, handsomely and durably bound in cloth, containing the dramatic history of the great events leading up to the present time; over 50 important and timely special articles by experts on the different phases of the conflict; hundreds of graphic pictures, portraits, photographs, diagrams, specially drawn war maps, illuminating statistical records, copies of official documents and diplomatic messages exchanged between the powers—a clear, vivid, accurate, permanent, interesting and valuable record—a record which once seen you will not willingly be without. Europe's past and present are here dramatically pictured and presented. Hundreds of illustrations graphically tell their own stories. More fascinating than any romance, here is a history so vivid, so dramatic, so stirring, so fascinating, so realistic, so wonderfully presented, so thrillingly told that it leaves an indelible impression.

## Your War News Clarified

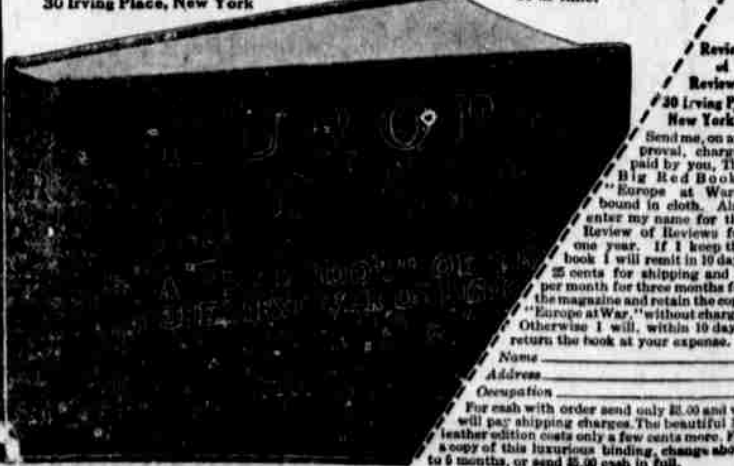
It is not enough to read the daily news reports. Your ability to comprehend conditions and to discuss them rationally depends on a true interpretation of the meaning and the "reason why" of events. In your mind you must bring order out of chaos and the Review of Reviews will do it for you.

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For cash with order send only \$1.00 and we will pay shipping charges. The beautiful 3-4 leather edition costs only a few cents more. For a copy of this luxurious binding, change above to 5 months, or send \$5.00 cash in full.

## MARY AT BRIDGE

MARY had a little slam;  
Her luck was just immense.  
She took first place and won a vase  
Worth thirty-seven cents.  
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## Getting Dangerous

ONE of New York's noted epicures was talking about cheeses.

"A good meal," he said, "always concludes with fruit that has ripened in heaven and cheese that has rotted in—er—the other place. That is an axiom."

"Why is it that overripe cheeses are so good? A man once complained to the waiter that the cheese was eating his bread, and yet it was an excellent cheese. I'd sampled it myself."

"Another man, a gourmet of renown, a real high liver, forgot a cheese once at a railway station. Two or three days went by without his calling for it, and then the station master sent him a note that said:

"Dear Sir—If you do not call within twenty-four hours for your cheese, which we have chained up in the baggage room, it will be shot."

## An Alphabet of Girls

A IS for affable Annie,  
Who is younger, they say, than  
her granny.  
Now, that I can't tell,  
As I don't know her well,  
But, anyhow, A is for Annie.

B IS for beautiful Bella,  
Who brought back a borrowed  
umbrella.  
Though the tale you may doubt,  
I've no way to find out,  
But I'll bet you that B is for Bella.

C IS for cultured Clarissa,  
And some one attempted to  
kiss her.  
Still, I vow and declare  
And I'll solemnly swear  
That certainly C's for Clarissa.  
—Life.